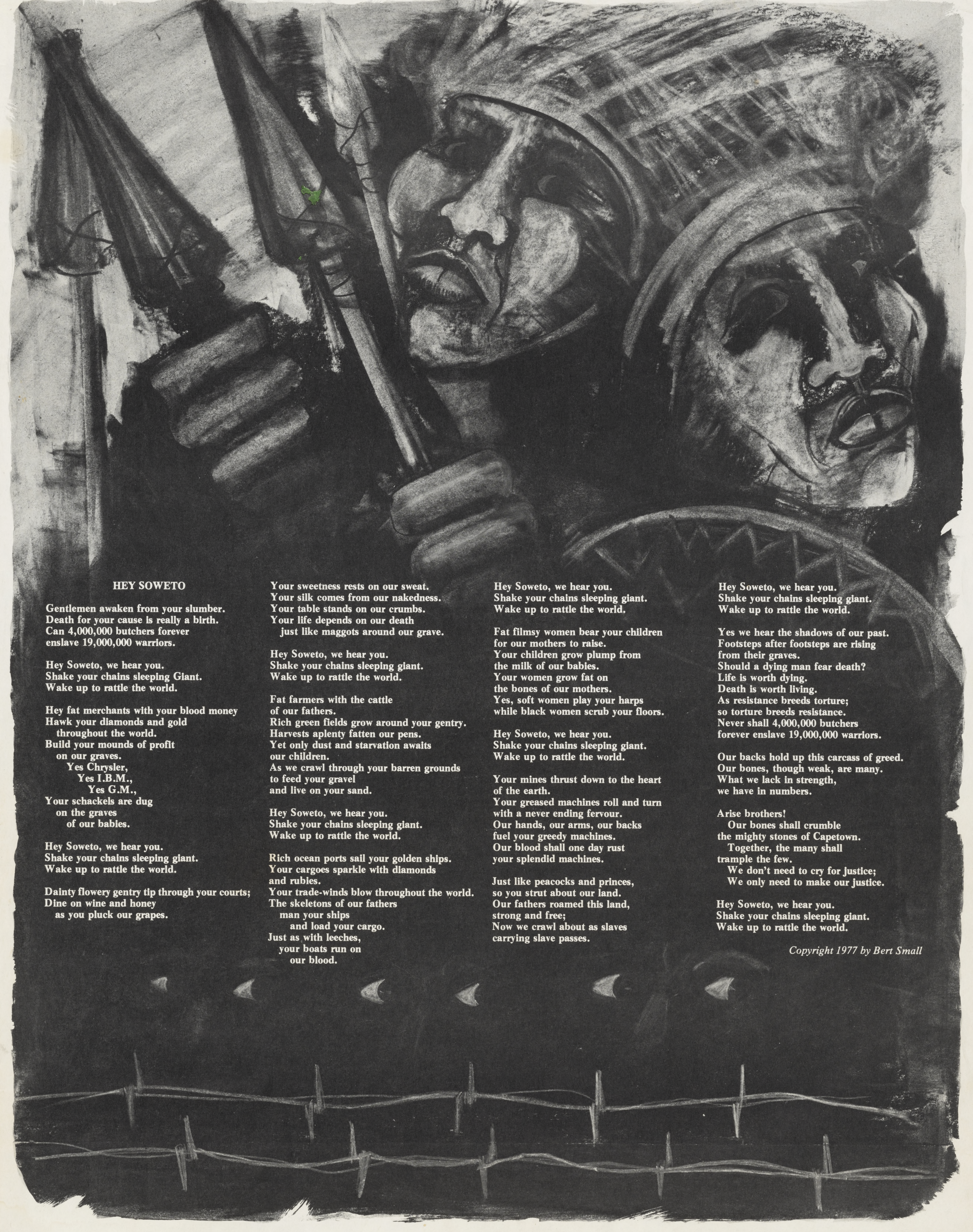




HEY SOWETO

Gentlemen awaken from your slumber.
Death for your cause is really a birth.
Can 4,000,000 butchers forever
enslave 19,000,000 warriors.

Hey Soweto, we hear you.
Shake your chains sleeping Giant.
Wake up to rattle the world.

Hey fat merchants with your blood money
Hawk your diamonds and gold
throughout the world.
Build your mounds of profit
on our graves.
Yes Chrysler,
Yes I.B.M.,
Yes G.M.,
Your shackles are dug
on the graves
of our babies.

Hey Soweto, we hear you.
Shake your chains sleeping giant.
Wake up to rattle the world.

Dainty flowery gentry tip through your courts;
Dine on wine and honey
as you pluck our grapes.

Your sweetness rests on our sweat.
Your silk comes from our nakedness.
Your table stands on our crumbs.
Your life depends on our death
just like maggots around our grave.

Hey Soweto, we hear you.
Shake your chains sleeping giant.
Wake up to rattle the world.

Fat farmers with the cattle
of our fathers.
Rich green fields grow around your gentry.
Harvests aplenty fatten our pens.
Yet only dust and starvation awaits
our children.
As we crawl through your barren grounds
to feed your gravel
and live on your sand.

Hey Soweto, we hear you.
Shake your chains sleeping giant.
Wake up to rattle the world.

Rich ocean ports sail your golden ships.
Your cargoes sparkle with diamonds
and rubies.
Your trade-winds blow throughout the world.
The skeletons of our fathers
man your ships
and load your cargo.
Just as with leeches,
your boats run on
our blood.

Hey Soweto, we hear you.
Shake your chains sleeping giant.
Wake up to rattle the world.

Fat filmsy women bear your children
for our mothers to raise.
Your children grow plump from
the milk of our babies.
Your women grow fat on
the bones of our mothers.
Yes, soft women play your harps
while black women scrub your floors.

Hey Soweto, we hear you.
Shake your chains sleeping giant.
Wake up to rattle the world.

Your mines thrust down to the heart
of the earth.
Your greased machines roll and turn
with a never ending fervour.
Our hands, our arms, our backs
fuel your greedy machines.
Our blood shall one day rust
your splendid machines.

Just like peacocks and princes,
so you strut about our land.
Our fathers roamed this land,
strong and free;
Now we crawl about as slaves
carrying slave passes.

Hey Soweto, we hear you.
Shake your chains sleeping giant.
Wake up to rattle the world.

Yes we hear the shadows of our past.
Footsteps after footsteps are rising
from their graves.
Should a dying man fear death?
Life is worth dying.
Death is worth living.
As resistance breeds torture;
so torture breeds resistance.
Never shall 4,000,000 butchers
forever enslave 19,000,000 warriors.

Our backs hold up this carcass of greed.
Our bones, though weak, are many.
What we lack in strength,
we have in numbers.

Arise brothers!
Our bones shall crumble
the mighty stones of Capetown.
Together, the many shall
trample the few.
We don't need to cry for justice;
We only need to make our justice.

Hey Soweto, we hear you.
Shake your chains sleeping giant.
Wake up to rattle the world.

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